

JUST JAZZ!

Drum Major
H.H. Lovell

Words by
Ella Fleishman
Music by
Henry H. Kreuger



A. M. Willard's famous painting, "The Spirit of '76," has nothing on the Bee's own art offering, "1919 Victory Loan Pep."

The Omaha Chamber of Commerce file and drum corps, drum-major by the ubiquitous H. H. Lovell, made its debut in stirring fashion at the Victory loan luncheon Tuesday to the extreme awe and delight of all present and not least.

But the rehearsal Monday night explained why Instructor C. B. Mapes wears a lean and hungry look and, like Cassius, smiles not. High up in the Chamber of Commerce, where the ear-splitting sounds would not call the police, the twenty-odd members gathered. They're all right, short ones, tall ones, slim ones, fat ones, red-haired and no-haired, scarce two of them match! (But, Oh, Boy! Wait till the uniforms come!)

It was the night of the Jascha Heifetz concert, but no dulcet tones of silver and gold, to be likened to the music of falling water, as Henrietta Rees would have it; but noise, more noise and NOISE rose to the heavens from the 17th floor of the W. O. W. building.

"Heifetz sure has nothing on us," chorled Ernest L. Glover, chief bugler—and the reporter agreed. "Who's going to teach me how to play?" was the plaintive plea of Charles W. Samahaugh.

Don't Have to Know. "You don't have to know how. There's so much noise anyway, nobody will know the difference," advised "Big Boss" Arnold Borglum. "I can't get on this bell!" exclaimed "Slim" Henry Baltzer, struggling into his drum harness. "No wonder! Who told you to eat so much chicken at dinner?" was C. B. Adair's unsympathetic response.

"What are my duties as quarter-master-sergeant?" Victor White wanted to know.

"Read Article 59, Boy Scouts!"

manual on duties of officers," suggested Lovell, the major.

So the dignified, white-haired Lovell went off into a corner fuming on his life:

Jack and fill the hill, etc.

The roll of the drums was worse than all the thunder claps in creation combined with the ungodly din on the western front during a heavy engagement, but remember, they're just beginning.

Some Real Champions.

William A. Cory, bass drummer, had it all over the Scotch giant of the band in Omaha during Ak-Sar-

Ben in 1917, with his wonderful evolutions and revolutions of the drum sticks. George D. Wolfe qualified as champion southpaw drummer of the world and E. E. Wise demonstrated that he is a good "dummer" in other lines than retail grocery.

The bugler practiced on the army reveille. If the Port-Omaha boys ever hear if they may be tempted to oversleep in the morning in order to give these amateur buglers a chance to practice.

"I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up in the morning."

But C. L. Hopper got 'em up—he told them the drum corps uniforms might go up from \$11 to \$40.

G. C. Edgerly, Dr. G. M. Maxwell, Frank Buckingham, F. B. All-

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Bumble Bee Buzzings

BY A. STINGER

In 1925.

Four boxes of cigars and three packages of smoking tobacco were captured by State Tobacco Hounds Smith, Jones and Brown in the home of Abner Twiggins last night.

The raid was cleverly planned by the sleuths and Twiggins was caught in the very act of smoking with a man who gave him name as Jennings Perriwinkle.

They were examined at the police station, where Twiggins declared that he had laid in the stock of cigars and tobacco before the national anti-tobacco law went into effect, May 1, 1923. However, he could not explain where his friend, Perriwinkle, got the cigar which he was in the act of smoking when the officers arrived on the scene.

Twiggins' bond was fixed at \$15,000 by the police magistrate. Perriwinkle was held as a material witness under \$10,000. Neither of the

men was able to give the bond and they are held in jail.

"This traffic must be stamped out," declared Judge Ivory in refusing to make the bonds lower. "The only way we can do it is by dealing with offenders in a manner commensurate with the enormity of the crime."

Twiggins had the cigars and tobacco cleverly concealed in his home. He had built a false back in a large refrigerator, and in this the cigars and tobacco were concealed, and at the same time kept moist. It is said that an iceman with whom he had a dispute last week gave the officers the tip which led to the big haul.

A Cry of Anguish.

Something should be done to stop advertising such despicable, such luscious lemon pies. We don't know anyone who can bake 'em as good as they look in the pictures.

ABIE'S ADVICE.

Some people are too thankful-like when they send you a telegram "collect," thanking you for money you sent them for a loan.

Talk is cheap sometimes, but not on the long distance telephone.

Any Other Nominations? Nominated for membership in the Society of Unnoticed Notables: Vice President Marshall of the U. S. A.

President Poincaré of la belle France. King Gawge V. William G. McAdoo. W. J. Bryan.

Novel Dress for a Bridegroom.

An anonymous assistant sends us a copy of the Diller (Neb.) Record, containing news of the wedding of

Miss Helen Hullman and Mr. West Shipper. The announcement says in part:

The groom was nicely decorated in white and green. The bride was handsomely gowned in white messaline, and carried a beautiful bouquet of white carnations, while the groom was dressed in blue serge.

SEEMS QUEER!

We thought all coal was black and we don't understand about this "Victor White Coal company."

A VIOLET.

To the Squawk, Neligh, Neb. Thanks for their kind words. Only our overpowering modesty prevents us from reprinting them.

Need a Driver for Your Airplane? (Ad in London Times.) FLIGHT COMDR., R.A.F., exceptional flying experience, sportsman, travelled extensively, OFFERS SERVICES as PILOT to PRIVATE GENTLEMAN—Box P-9, The Times.

Thanks, J. K. H.

FOUND—Two sets of "Teddy Bears" between the school house and Gustafson's store. Owner may have same by paying for this ad—Ad in Sargent Leader.

Cannot Afford to Have Anybody Get His Goat, So He Pays Old Debt

The latest bit of levity to go the rounds of the lawyers refers to an experience of which Attorney Arthur C. Thomsen was the beneficiary on Wednesday.

Mr. Thomsen held a judgment of \$9.30 of long standing against an Italian to whom he wrote that if the money was not paid he would get the Italian's goat.

The Italian's wife walked into Mr. Thomsen's office with the money, explaining that the family goat supplied the children with milk and that its loss would be a serious blow. Mr. Thomsen did not know that his debtor owned a goat.

There, little lamb-chop, Don't you cry. You'll be a dollar.

By and by—New York Mail.

There, little lamb-chop, Don't you cry. You'll be a chicken.

By and by—Cleveland Press.

Danish Count Prefers Plain American Mister to Title

Heir to Vast Danish Estate Served in U. S. Army and is Now in Business Here.



COUNT VON KNUTH

America, "the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow" to her thousands of overseas visitors, finds in many a champion of her cause, as is shown in the case of Count C. H. von Knuth, formerly of Denmark, who recently returned from Texas with his honorable discharge from the United States army and has resumed his business in and around Omaha.

Count von Knuth he is in name, but in all save the slight accent, he is a muchly Americanized count.

It was that ever the same story—the magnetism of individual freedom that drew the first continental visitors here.

"I did not want to work my life out for the government nor adhere to the conventions established for me," said the count as he stood in the lobby of the Henshaw and told of his early life, hemmed in by etiquette of tradition, handed down from early years, of the school, open only to those of his family; of his censored voting, recreation, until he came to look at America through the eyes of the diplomatic representatives as "the end of the rainbow."

Reason the second followed in the army.

"For six years I was lieutenant in the Danish army under my father," continued Count von Knuth, "As the business of life, my family was obsessed with glamour of the army and as the oldest in the von Knuth family that was my lot."

"I wanted them I would run away but no one credited it until one night, an English friend secretly sent a boat across from England, and as secretly carried me away."

Hebrew school building. Mrs. Ben Handler, president, and Mrs. J. B. Blank, chairman of the ball committee, have the arrangements in charge. Desdunes' band will furnish the music.

The Hebrew school at Twenty-first and Burr streets, where religious instruction is given, has an enrollment of 350 children and five tutors. School hours are after those of the public schools, from 4 to 6 p. m. Rabbi Morris Taxon and Dr. Philip Sher supervised the work.

The Deborah society is an auxiliary of the Talmud Torah society which maintains the institution.

But it is an obnoxious, title-apprehensive Yankee demanded proofs

of those claims to the von Knuth name. They were given them, and much to the surprise of his America-seasoned friends this newly-arrived from Denmark realized what he said and entering soon into the real estate business, he found in "Yankee-land" what he intended to find.

Pictures tell of his other life, on the well known von Knuth estate, the picturesque ranch of several thousand acres together with the hunting reserve that boasts a forest, as the stories of old, and where hundreds of pheasants are diligently raised for the annual hunting season, staged there.

"Go back? Yes, for several months when I am thirty—for a man is not of age there until thirty—but to stay? No, America is free, and I am not disappointed in her," assured this Utopia seeker, "but she must go back to the times before the war. She is different, for fighting does not belong to this country. The olden lands forced her into it. The Kaiser drilled it into us that he could lick the world. It is an obsession there, but America—she must not breathe that air."

Deborah Society to Give Dance for a New Talmud Torah School

Its war and Red Cross work finished, members of the Deborah society, numbering 500 Jewish women, will give a dance in the municipal Auditorium Tuesday evening, the proceeds to form the nucleus of a fund for a proposed new Talmud or Hebrew school building. Mrs. Ben Handler, president, and Mrs. J. B. Blank, chairman of the ball committee, have the arrangements in charge. Desdunes' band will furnish the music.

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Commissioner Towl Has to Explain to His Mother Why He's Late

Despite his 38 years, Commissioner Roy Towl had a bad quarter of a minute with Mother Towl Monday afternoon. He had to explain to his mother, Mrs. E. B. Towl, why he was more than one-half hour late in reaching the Omaha Woman's club for the talk he was scheduled to give. Mrs. Towl was in charge of the program.

Members of the club waited quietly for half of the time he was late, then Superintendent Weirich of the welfare board filled in, and then the women had a desultory discussion on a proposed club house, just to fill time.

Mother Towl was anxiously waiting for her son and met him at the door.

"But 'son' had an explanation, so it was all right. 'If you can get by mother, you can get by a lot of other people,' was his laughing comment."

Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

When They Wooded and Won

By EDWARD BLACK.

Once upon a time H. H. Baldridge was a bashful young man attending the law department of the University of Pennsylvania. He was so bashful that when he found himself within a mile of a pretty girl he almost lost his powers of articulation, and he dashed wildly for home. He relates that he was so bashful that he would not play polo or spin the plate at social gatherings in his home town, Hollidaysburg. And he admits that he was a Philadelphia lawyer before he heard the call of the west.

He attended the university in Philadelphia and observed week-end trips to his home in Hollidaysburg. The beginning of the end of his bashfulness began when he met a seminary girl whose home was in Peoria, Ill., and who was attending school in Hollidaysburg. She told him of the west and of its opportunities for a rising young attorney.

"I just can't recall how I did propose, but of course I must have proposed in some manner," he stated, looking at a picture of Judge Benjamin H. Brewster on a wall of his office.

Most men are able to recall some circumstance of their proposals, but Mr. Baldridge declared that his memory had not served him well in this instance. But he recalled that his seminary girl interested him in the west, and that after they were married, they journeyed together out to "where the action begins" to the land of Ak-Sar-Ben.

He referred reminiscently to his youthful days, and his bashfulness, in connection with the picture of Judge Brewster on the wall. When he had completed his law course he went to the law offices of Judge Brewster and asked if there was an opening for a young lawyer. Not being impressed at first by the bashful manner of the caller, the judge offered no encouragement. As Mr. Baldridge was leaving the office, the judge asked his name.

"Are you the son of Malcolm Baldridge of upstate?" asked the distinguished lawyer.

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Baldridge.

"Well, I always have room in my office for a son of Malcolm Baldridge," was the surprising reply of the judge. Thus did Mr. Baldridge be-



H. H. BALDRIDGE.

come a Philadelphia lawyer before he became an Omaha lawyer. Judge Brewster was attorney general under President Grant.

Much of his bashfulness disappeared during his law experience in the City of Brotherly Love. His courage grew to the extent that he could look at a pretty girl without being confused. On a fateful day he rode up to Hollidaysburg and told his seminary girl that he believed he would like to live in the great west of which she had told him, but he did not want to make the venture alone. He wasn't afraid to travel alone, but just didn't want to be so far away from home without somebody who would remind him of home. There was more of it, but Mr. Baldridge has forgotten the text of all that he did say, but the seminary girl agreed, so they were married and then traveled westward.

The accompanying picture of Mr. Baldridge was taken during his last year in the university. Recently he recovered the picture through an Omaha friend who found it at the Frank Ankeny ranch in western Nebraska. Mr. Ankeny had taken the picture to his home many years ago when he visited in Hollidaysburg.

"But I just wish I could remember how I proposed," Mr. Baldridge said. "Perhaps Mrs. Baldridge may remember what I said."

Streetcar Motorman on Weekdays; Sunday Ye Poet

The general idea of a poet is that he's a long-haired, high-browed fellow of sad demeanor, but there are a few that upset this popular idea altogether. There's one running on the Benson-Albright line every day except Saturday and Sunday as a motorman. On Saturday and Sunday he "pulls" the Fort Crook "extra." His name is Harry Boyd, and contrary to expectation, is a jolly young fellow, with an ordinary hair cut and a cheery smile for every one he meets. Harry turned the following little poem, which is dedicated to his "pals" of Vinton barn, over to our sporting editor and told him he could do with it as he pleased. He pleased to turn it over to the "Bug" page editor and it is herewith submitted.

THE STREET CAR MAN

We sing of the gallant soldier lad,
And the sailor who braves the sea,
While tales are told of knights of old
In the days of their chivalry.
The poets sing till the echoes ring
Of the rustic who tills the land,
But never a word is ever heard
In praise of the street car man.

Out of his den in the early dawn,
In the rain, in the sleet and the snow,
Ahead of the sun ere the day has begun,
Hungry he has to go.
With his eye on the track and his soul in a sack,
He swallows a bun at the end of his run,
That's the meal of the street car man.

He hears all the fussing and passengers cursing,
He's blamed when the power goes down;
When he says "Forward, please," the passengers freeze
In their tracks and grumble and frown.
No Sunday for him, for his week never ends;
His worries we don't understand.
To stay on the job and take care of the mob
Is the lot of the street car man.

Stop and consider before you berate,
I ask in humanity's name;
I'm betting a dime if he isn't on time.
There's a reason, and he's not to blame.
He's as human as you and his pleasures are few,
So treat him as well as you can.
Just hand him a smile every once in a while.
He deserves it—THE STREET CAR MAN.

Gold Going Up in Price; Under Output Is Given as the Cause

If you are contemplating matrimony, you may have to pay a little more for the plain gold wedding ring for your bride than if you had decided to marry a year ago.

The price of gold jewelry of all sorts is on the rise. This is due to a decided falling off in the gold output of the world due to the interference of the war in mining activities. The gold output of the United States in 1918 was the smallest in 20 years and that of silver was the smallest since 1913, according to recent estimates made jointly by the United States bureau of the mint and the geological survey.

The report shows that in 1918 there were 3,313,373 fine ounces of gold produced of a value of \$68,493,500. The output of silver was \$67,879,206. The value of silver is based on the government buying price of \$1 an ounce.

The gold output of 1917 was valued at \$83,750,700 and that of silver at \$71,740,362. This would indicate a falling off in gold production for 1918 of \$15,257,200 and that of silver of \$3,861,156.

California led the states in the amount of gold produced last year with Colorado next and Alaska third. Among the silver states, Montana was first with Utah, Idaho and Nevada following in the order named.

Sure, Her Father Is a Church Worker; Is He Not Church Janitor?

"My papa is a churchworker," boastfully announced Marjorie to her companion on their home from school.

"My papa is a churchworker, too," retorted Alice, with nose tilted at the proper angle.

"What does your papa do in the church?" asked Marjorie.

"He's the janitor," proudly replied Alice.

Motion Laid on Table Not Debatable, Says Hubby Leffingwell

Mr. Leffingwell was accompanied to a hospital by his wife, who insisted that she would be present when her liege lord underwent an operation.

The surgeon made a motion with his hand which was understood to mean that all was in readiness and that Leffingwell should present himself in a recumbent position on the table for what was coming.

Mrs. Leffingwell remonstrated against what she believed was undue haste, offering some trivial excuse to sustain her position.

"Don't you know that a motion to lay on the table is not debatable?" testily retorted Leffingwell.

"Suffs" Never Suffered in Silence, Judge Tells in Erin Joke

Federal Judge Martin J. Wade of Iowa invariably prefaces his serious public talks by offering a few stories. One of his favorite yarns goes something like this:

"Not long ago I heard a suffragette discoursing on the rights of women. She said, 'For years and years women have suffered in a thousand ways.'"

"A little Irishman, sitting in the rear of the hall stood up and exclaimed, 'I know one way in which they have not suffered!'"

"We should like to hear what it may be, my good man," the suffragette replied.

"They have never suffered in silence," the Irishman responded."

Departed Glory.

"What are these curious inscriptions, professor?"

"Uniform writing of the ancient Assyrians."

"Can you read it?"

"Oh, yes."

"Is it fact or fiction?"

"Fiction, as a rule. Now, this block of stone bears the proud boast of a king that his fame will never die, yet there isn't a word or a public square on the face of the earth that is named for him now."

Birmingham Age-Herald

Eligible Omaha Bachelors

"Charlie" Saunders is a F. F. N. He is a son of the late Hon. Alvin Saunders, governor of Nebraska territory and later became United States senator from Nebraska.

So, you see, he really is a "First Families of Nebraska" man. He was born in Mt. Pleasant, Ia., but came with his parents to Omaha at a very early stage of his existence.

He was educated here and in Columbia and Cornell universities. He was private secretary to his father while the latter was a United States senator. After two or three business ventures he decided that Omaha was about the best place on the map and he settled down here in 1886 and has been here ever since.

Still a Bachelor.

But he is still a bachelor. He's a very busy bachelor, girls. We don't need to believe one of his friends who says, "Charlie's been intending

to get married for the last 20 years but he just never gets around to it. It's just too much trouble to go up to the court house and get the license."

No, we don't believe that in view of the record of a busy life. Mr. Saunders has been a state senator five terms. He was deputy city treasurer for four years. He is president of the Saunders-Kennedy Building company, president of the Saunders Investment company and has various other real estate interests.

Some Lodgeman, Too. He has been a member of the board of governors of Ak-Sar-Ben for several years. He is high up in Masonic circles, being a Scottish Rite Master and member of the Mystic Shrine. He is active in the affairs of the Elks lodge. He's a member of the Omaha Country club, Happy Hollow club, Omaha Athletic club, Chamber of Commerce.

His political honors have included memberships on the county, state and congressional central committees. He was an alternate to the national republican convention in Chicago in 1912.

In spite of all these activities he has time for the social graces and he says he is "just waiting till the right lady appears."

Lawmakers Sing the Wearing of the Green as Congress Adjourns

Every congressman at the final meeting of the 65th session in the house of representatives stood up and sang the "Wearing of the Green," according to a letter written by Kathleen O'Brien, Omaha girl who is attending a series of instructions conducted by the National Labor bureau.

Representative Donovan of Rhode Island led the throng in singing, and lustily their voices rang out: "They're hanging men and women, for the wearing of the green." It was an inspiring sight, Miss O'Brien wrote.

Her home in Omaha is at 1111 Cumpting street.



"CHARLIE" SAUNDERS